



# **The Crimson Curse**

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**Summary:**

NOT WRITTEN BY ME. ANONYMOUS SUBMISSION.

**SUMMARY:** When Aurora Morgan's ancestor made a deal with what her family called "The Devil himself," in order to protect her family line from the hunger of The Beast; she soon discovers that dirty family secrets have a cost to be paid – and she's up to the chopping block to fulfill a twisted destiny that has her fate intertwined with a Beast whom can no longer be contained...

# The Crimson Curse

## Author's Note:

AGAIN: THIS IS NOT MY STORY. I'M PUBLISHING FOR AN ANONYMOUS SOURCE.

I've been obsessed since watching the rebooted version of IT, and this idea has only grown stronger. None of the cannon characters belong to me, only the ones that I have created / OC's. This is not being made for profit; I am essentially borrowing these characters and element's of Stephen King's IT universe – in order to create this. Truth be told, I never thought I would be here creating this kind of fan fiction, but alas... Here we are. I used to be completely terrified of Pennywise growing up. Now here I am, writing essentially a fanfic for the character. What the hell is wrong with me? You know what... Let's not answer that question lol – let's just enjoy the story, shall we?

## Prologue:

July 18, 1669 – Derry, Maine (American Colonies)

She stood there, frozen in horror, clinging desperately to her infant daughter. Her eyes darted around the room, hoping against every odd imaginable that she could find a way out of this situation.

There would be no such luck to be found today.

“I pray unto thee, take me,” her plea was barely above that of a whimsical whisper.

Her body trembled as she stared back at the inhuman creature whom was trying to fit into a human form; and it would have worked – had it not been for his eyes. They were glowing an eerie blue. Otherwise for all intents and purposes, he was handsome. Sharp cheekbones protruded from underneath his skin and his lips were full and red. He

truly had the face of an angel. This creature had very relaxed brownish hair, but his demeanor was anything but calming; he was dangerous and Abigail knew that whatever this creature was – it would kill her before she even set one foot in the other direction.

“I will,” he answered back simply as he stepped closer towards her before continuing. “And then her, and thy husband and the rest of thy children. I’ll also devour the rest of the savages you brought here. Then, when you all rot in the Earth, I will pick thy bones dry until there is no meat left to pick. Afterwards, I will seek out thy bones and consume thy souls until there is nothing left but the weeds.” As soon as the threat left his lips, Abigail fell to her knees and began to cry.

“Please, I beg of thee! Do not do this,” she pleaded as she clutched her newborn daughter to her bosom even tighter. Her baby began to squirm and let out a soft cry.

“Or... You will occupy yourself otherwise and dare not to interfere. I will take her and you will live; and those of thy other children – in whom I take no interest, will also live. In fact, I will make you this vow: I will not harm any of your other children nor any of their direct descendants, for as long as I live. In return, your line will at some time birth me a rightfully marked equal. When thy marked one is born, only then will I return to collect the very last soul from thy bloodline. Now rise, and thank me feverishly that is I that have not damned you to the soil!”

Abigail looked at her newborn daughter Elizabeth, with tears slipping over the banks of her eyes. She knew there was no other way out of this; the creature would have her or he would have their entire family in her place. Keeping her eyes firmly glued onto her child, she stood once more unto her feet. At last, she planted a small kiss upon her daughters head; she still smelled fresh from her womb. It was apparent to the creature that she was struggling and does not wish to let her go – even if that meant suicide for herself and certain death for her entire family.

“Mama?”

Abigail snapped her attention around to her young six year old son, horrified that he even came out here. Thomas was always a curious

child with shaggy blonde hair and dirt smeared on the left side of his face. Right now however, Abigail was not in the mood for her son's antics.

"NO! GET OUT! NOW!" She screamed at the child, as she tried to shield her young son from seeing the creature. His eyes widened in shock, as he scurried from the room – frightened by his mother's anger.

Turning back to where the creature stood, she looked him in the eyes; he knew he had her exactly where he needed.

"I need thy assurance of thy offer... In blood."

Pennywise finally stepped closer, raising his right arm up and she watches in awe as his hand transformed into a claw. Remarkably, he took a single claw and dragged the talon upon his left humanized arm; his arm gushed blood immediately.

"Give me thy arm," he responded patiently as Abigail looked on in shock.

Without hesitation, she shifted her daughter on her left arm and offered him her right one instead. He gripped her with his left hand and brought it close to his lips where his teeth morphed into a terrifying set of razor sharp fangs; she let out a soft cry as she felt his teeth sink in and rip open her skin. Once he was satisfied with his work, he offered his injured arm up towards her face...

"Drink and I shall do the same. Only your blood mixed with mine, will seal this fate."

Abigail looked from his eyes and down to his bleeding arm. She felt nauseous. The only thing that steeled her nerves and propelled her forward, was the thought of saving the lives of her remaining children. Without a second thought, she grabbed his arm and began to drink.

At first the taste was absolutely horrid, as if she were drinking rotten milk and she tried everything she could not to vomit on this beast – but as the moments passed, the taste began to morph into

something new. It became sweeter, yet more intense. She suddenly felt revitalized in a way she never felt before. Colors were becoming more vivid to her, her heart beat began to pick up the pace and her sense of smell became incredibly more sharp. For the first time, she could actually feel what this creature was about and sense his emotions. His blood was unlike anything she had ever consumed before and it was intoxicating.

Pennywise's eyes rolled into the back of his head as she continued to drink from his arm. A few moments later, he brought his head back level in order to watch her as she continue to consume what he was offering; he reached for her arm in return. He didn't even think as he started to drink her own blood as well. Her blood was bitter but felt refreshing to the creature, as he greedily consumed as much as he could without depleting her.

Finally, he took his arm away from her mouth and dropped hers as well.

Abigail, in a dazed state of mind – never thought twice as she laid her infant daughter at the creature's feet and turned her back to walk away.

The tiny infant laid screaming on the dirt floor as Pennywise bent over the helpless human. Just as the door to the shed closed with a loud thud, he bared his teeth to the scared baby and began to feast upon her arm as her screams pierced the air.

Abigail Hawthorne never even turned back once. In fact, she continued her trek back into her home and in her dreamlike state – she went upstairs and fell into a deep slumber for three days.

When she awoke, she was never the same again.

October 1988 – Derry, Maine

It was haunting. Watching the news only made her sick with worry these days, and seeing the bright smiling face of a young seven year old boy named Georgie with the words "missing," at the top of her television screen – only made her feel that much more emotional. Melissa Morgan was a 33 year old mother of one, and she couldn't

imagine how she would have felt if her own child were snatched away in an instant like this. Her heart wept for the boy's family on the television set. Particularly for the little boy's seemingly older brother – Billy. He begged into the camera; pleaded was more like it, for the safe return of his baby brother. Of course he would, he had no idea yet about what was happening.

Yet, Melissa certainly did. How could she not? Her own family was touched by these circumstances in ways most others could never understand.

But the adults of Derry knew better; they too felt as if they experienced these kinds of losses as children and some unlucky few – even experienced the pains of loss again as adults, when it was their own children who were taken. Oddly enough however, a majority of these adults seemed to either lose their memory of that time or were perfectly content to sweep it under the rug. Melissa had to admit, she was lucky not to have to deal with this, although her reasons as to why were quite controversial to say the very least. It never failed though – every 27 years, these disappearances would start back up again, just as her mother warned her they would.

Perhaps it was for the best that she never disclosed what she knew of these incidences, with her own husband about why she worried. Besides, if she were lucky, she could discretely pray that her own daughter Aurora left Maine and never returned... It would be much easier, and more importantly – it would keep her safe. Or she could carry the secret of her family's ultimate sin, and only share it with her daughter when she was older; just as a way to safe guard their own futures as well.

Shaking her head free of the sadness she felt for those poor children on the television, she went back to cutting the neglected tomatoes on her cutting board. The knife slipped into the skin of the fruit with absolute ease, as the juices burst forth and started to run free. Melissa didn't want to think about this. She knew if she could keep her daughter safe this year, she wouldn't have to worry about this again for another 27 years. She just had to get through this current hunting season of the creature her grandfather described as "The Devil, himself," and they would be home-free when it came to three year old Aurora's safety.

The kitchen in the Morgan home was not immaculate by any means, in fact it was quite a humble abode, but it was always cozy and warm. The wooden floor planks and panels on the wall, gave it an earthy feeling; almost as if the people in it were one with nature. Oddly enough, she felt secure and safe in this part of her home – although if you had asked her directly, she could never tell you why. She prided herself on such a feat though, keeping her home feeling warm, welcoming and open; but today... It felt drearier than usual. Maybe it had to do with the rain storms outside – after all, it hadn't let up in days. A piercing ringing shrill filled the air and snapped Mrs. Morgan from her thoughts, as her little white portable timer went off; signaling her to check on the chicken that was baking in the oven. Her husband would be home for dinner soon, and she always liked to greet him with a warm plate of home-cooked food.

As she pulled the pan out of the oven, she heard a lively squeal of laughter erupt from the baby monitor on the kitchen counter; nearly causing her to drop the scorching pan of freshly baked lemon pepper chicken in the process.

'That's odd, Aurora isn't due to wake up from her nap yet,' she thought to herself, as she set the hot pan on the stove top and looked quizzically towards the ceiling.

Aurora's bedroom was located directly above the kitchen, and she could clearly hear her daughter's amused giggles coming through on the two way audio baby monitor.

Narrowing her eyes at the ceiling, Melissa's gut started to churn. Something just didn't feel quite right. Pulling off her oven mittens and tugging her apron away from her body, she moved quietly across the floor of the kitchen, through the hallway leading towards the front door and over towards the staircase. The floor boards of each stair, while covered with cream colored carpeting – still managed to creak ever so slightly with each step she took. Her gaze set firmly at the top of the staircase as she made her way upwards; her heart beat in her chest rising.

Upon making it to top of the stairs, she moved ever so slightly towards the northeast side of the hallway and noticed her young daughter's bedroom door was cracked. Inside, the noise peaked her



curiosity. Once again, she heard the delighted cries of laughter coming out of her small child's own mouth along with clapping this time. Pushing the door open however, she saw no one else in the room... Except for a single red shiny balloon.

The balloon wasn't extraordinary by any means, in fact it looked quite ordinary indeed. But Aurora was looking at it with wonder filled blue eyes, and that certainly grabbed her attention.

'How did that even get in here?' Her confused mind was frantic to explain how this object even made it's way into their home; much less into her three year old daughters bedroom.

"Mama, ba-woon!" The tiny toddler exclaimed as she clapped her hands together excitedly and smiled once again, at the wondrous object before her!

Melissa though, kept her eyes firmly glued to the balloon as she slowly made her way around it and towards Aurora's toddler bed. Oddly, the balloon wasn't moving at all; it was just hovering over the same spot.

"Come on baby, time to come with mommy!" She coxed towards her daughter as she reached down to pick her up from the bed.

Just as her hands reached down around her tiny little body, the balloon suddenly exploded with a loud and obnoxious pop.

Startled, she retracted her hands; only to see an over 6 foot tall clown with white face paint, painted red lips with lines going through the middle of his eyes and wild red hair – standing right behind her. He tilted his head to the side, and gave off a sinister smile that sent chills right down her spine.

"Boo!"

If she hadn't been scared before, Melissa was completely scared shitless and she let out a horrific scream of panic as she tried to shield her daughter from him.

The clown on the other hand, let out a bark of manic laughter as he stepped closer towards her. He stilled his movements as he tutted the

woman for trying to block his access to the bright and vivacious child, that was rightfully his for the taking.

“You cannot have her, our family has a deal with you,” she reminded him with fear laced in her voice. “She’s not available for you to have, that deal remains in place even now.”

The clown simply smiled at her, as he carefully considered his next words...

“Our deal has been honored, but remember your place human. I can still do as I please – deal or not,” he simply warned with an air of misplaced humor.

“I mean no offense, I know what you’re capable of,” she said as she tried to rationalize with the frightening creature. “However, my daughter is protected by my family’s blood sacrifice to you. Our debt is paid in blood; in exchange we have kept your existence a secret from the others – which allows you to do as you wish and keep our family safe from your hunt for blood and fear.”

He let out a gleefully eccentric giggle as he leaned in closer to her, “I’m well aware of the deal human, yet you’ve clearly forgotten what the other half of the deal was. She’s marked, and that means she’s mine,” he finished with a ghostly whisper.

Melissa’s heart began hammering against her chest, as she remembered what this meant. But it was impossible; she had looked over Aurora’s body after she was born, there were no marks present on her body except for three faint red dot shaped birth marks on her wrist; in the shape of a slightly tilted triangle. It was a normal birth mark for all intents and purposes, and there was certainly nothing special about it.

“She is not marked for you Beast, remove yourself from my home at once!” Her fear was slowly becoming replaced by anger. She would not watch her daughter fall into this clown’s hands.

Suddenly before she had a moment to process what was happening, the clown snapped his right hand around her throat and began to lift her from the floor. Melissa let out a strangled squeal of surprise and

began to kick her feet as she gripped his arm.

“She is marked, and therefore I am going to collect what is mine,” he paused as he sniffed closer towards her body. It were as if a new scent caught his attention. He immediately looked back up to the woman who was now struggling in his grasp, gasping for air. “Your daughter is special, and she has abilities that not even you can explain; this is because she was made for me. I suggest that if you want to save the parasite that is festering for life right now within your womb, you allow me to have what is mine.”

As soon as he finished his declaration, he dropped her flailing body onto the floor with a heavy thud. Melissa coughed loudly as she threw her hand in the air to stop him from collecting the little girl who was now crying uncontrollably in her bed. Clearly, little Aurora was scared by what she was witnessing.

“She’s only a child! Please, I beg of you, allow her to grow! Allow her to have a normal life for now. Then, once you return in 27 years – she will be of age and maturity. She can discover who and what she is then. I’m begging you, give her time to grow! Allow me to raise her, give her normalcy, even if it’s just for a little while,” she cried as she swallowed down more tears. “Please, I’m begging you!”

The creature looked from the pathetic woman on the floor at his feet, begging him for mercy and more time, to the toddler in her bed crying – reaching for her mother. Angrily he shook his head, as the bells on his outfit jingled.

“Fine! You have until my next awakening to raise her. But mark my words woman,” he said with a lowly growl as he brought his face in front of hers; to the point she could see his eyes change into glowing yellow orbs and smell the odor of his rancid breath coming from his lips, “I will be back to collect. She is mine, and she will rule beside me when the time comes. Thanks to her birth, I will no longer be held to this retched backwoods little town any longer. I can freely move about the earth, so if you even think of trying to hide her from me – don’t. I will take from you the one you love the most if you even try it.” With that, he stood up and turned to leave.

“Your son, will not be able to save her either. You better warn your

children of your dirty little family secret. Once I have collected her, there is no going back. The descendants of your line will be forever protected from me, and I will have what I need.”

Without another word, he slipped out the window in which he came in and was gone.

Melissa let out an anguished cry, as she sat up on the floor. She immediately crawled towards her daughter and hugged her tightly. She may have convinced the Beast to wait this time, yet she knew in her heart... He wouldn't wait forever.

She needed to come up with a plan of action and fast, or her daughter would be forever lost to him.